

If heauen be pleas'd that you must vse me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I haue sworne to do it:

And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more stubborn hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell should haue come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleue'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*.

Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.

Ar. O saue me *Hubert*, saue me: my eyes are out
Euen with the fierie lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Giue me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.

Ar. Alas, what neede you be so boistrous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone still:
For heauen sake *Hubert* let me not be bound:

Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.

I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgieue you,
What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him.

Exc. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Ar. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,
He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Giue life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.

Ar. Is there no remedie?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Ar. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious sence:
Then feeling what small things are boytious there,
Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your tongue.

Ar. *Hubert*, the vtterance of a brace of tongues,
Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,

Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no vse, but still to looke on you.

Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,
And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Ar. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd

In vndermined extreames: See else your selfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,

The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.

Ar. And if you do, you will but make it bluish,
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:

And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should vse to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vses.

Hub. Well, see to liue: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,

Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this same very Iron, to burne them out.

Ar. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.

Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports:
And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,

That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Ar. O heauen! I thank you *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergo for thee.

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.
John. Heere once againe we sit: once against crownd

And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,

And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt:

Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;

To gild refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,

To smooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light

To secke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,
Is wastefull, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,

And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being vrge'd at a time vnseasonable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disguis'd,

And like a shifted winde vnto a saile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,

Startles, and frights consideration:
Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe,
Pem. When Workemen strue to do better then wel,

They do confound their skill in countenances,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches set vpon a little breach,

Discredit more in hiding of the fault;
Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes

To ouer-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and euery part of what we would

Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

John. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I haue posselt you with, and thinke them strong.

And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare
I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske

What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceiue, how willingly

I will both heare, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To found the purposes of all their hearts,

Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them

Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th'infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint

Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.

If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend

The steppes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes

With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,

That the times enemies may not haue this
To grace occasions: let it be our suite,

That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,

Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he haue his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,

The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lies in his eye: that close aspect of his,

Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,
And I do fearefully beleue 'tis done,

What we so feard he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,

Like Herald's 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childe's death.

John. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,

The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
Hate vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,

Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke:
This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

John. Why do you bend such foleme browes on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame
That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it:

So thriue it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th inheritance of this poore childe,

His little kingdome of a forced graue.
That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,

Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This must not be thus borne, this will breake out

To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt.

John. They burn in indignation: I repent:

There is no sure foundation set on blood:

No certaine life atchieu'd by o

A fearefull eye thou hast. Whe

That I haue scene inhabite in th

So foule a skie, cleeres not wit

Poure downe thy weather: how

Mef. From France to Englar

For any forraigne preparation,

Was leui'd in the body of a lan

The Copie of your speede is lea

For when you should be told th

The tydings comes, that they ar

John. On where hath our Inte

Where hath it slept? Where is n

That such an Army could be dra

And she not heare of it?

Mef. My Liege, her care

Is stop't with dust: the first of A

Your noble mother; and as I he

The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie

Three dayes before: but this fro

I did heare: if true, or false I kn

John. With-hold thy speed,

O make a league with me, 'till I

My discontented Peeres. What

How wildly then walkes my El

Vnder whole conduct came tho

That thou for truth giu'st out are

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Bastard and Peter

John. Thou hast made me gi

With these ill tydings: Now? V

To your proceedings? Do not se

My head with more ill newes: fo

Bast. But if you be a-feard to

John. Beare with me Cosen, fo

Vnder the tide; but now I brea

Aloft the flood, and can giue aud

To any tongue, speake it of wha

Bast. How I haue sped among

The summes I haue collected sha

But as I traual'd hither through t

I finde the people strangely fanta

Posselt with rumors, full of idle

Not knowing what they feare, b

And here's a Prophet that I brou

From forth the streets of Pomefr

With many hundreds treading o

To whom he sung in rude harsh

That ere the next Ascension day

Your Highnes should deliuer vp

John. Thou idle Dreamer, wh

Pet. Fore-knowing that the

John. *Hubert*, away with him

And on that day at noone, where

I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let h

Deliuer him to safety, and return

For I must vse thee. O my gentl

Hear't thou the newes abroad, w

Bast. The French (my Lord) m

Besides I met Lord *Bigo*, and Lo

With eyes as red as new enkindl

And others more, going to seek

Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kil

John. Gentle kinsman, go

And thrust thy selfe into their Co